mitted to go below stairs, where

master of Mereside.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS OF CDRHODES COMMINIST BY CHARLES SCHOOLES SOMS

SYNOPSIS.

Renneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in the president's private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotte Fartham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, and decides to demounce him. She sees the brutal materescued from drowning by Griswold. She alike to Griswold and by his advice sends a letter of hetrayal to Galbraith anonymously, Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the beat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social recognition by the "oid familles" of the town. Griswold falls ill on the aleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Marsery, who finds the stolen, money in his suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him cut of it. Griswold, an

CHAPTER XI-Continued

"He ain't the man to go to his comenfolks when he gets into hot wa-He'll keep it to himself; and they'll go on bluffing you, same as ever.

Miss Grierson pulled on her gauntlets and made ready to go, leisurely. as befitted her pose.

"That is where you are mistaken," she objected, coolly. "It isn't very often I can give you a business tip, but this is one of the times when I can. When John Raymer died, he left an undivided half of his estate to his wife; the other half to be shared equally by the children. At the present moment every dollar the entire family has is invested in the iron You will let Mr. Raymer get himself into hot water, as you call it, and then, when I say the word, you'll reach in and pull him out."

When she was gone, the president selected another of the overgrown cigars from a box in the desk drawer. lighted it, and tilted back in the big armchair to envelop himself in a cloud of smoke. It was his single expensive habit-the never-empty box of Brobdingnagian cigars in the drawer-and



Where You Are Mistaken, She Objected Coolly.

the indulgence helped him to push the Yellow-Dog period into a remoter past. After a time the smoke cloud be came articulate, rumbling forth chucklings and Elizabethan oaths, mingling with musings idiomatic and profane "By gad I believe she thought she was fooling me-I do, for a fact! But It's too thin. Of course, she wants to make the women kowtow, but that ain't all there is to it-not by a jugful. But it's all right; she plays her own hand, and she's bully good and able to play it. If she's after Raymer's scalp, he might as well get ready to wear a wig, right now. I'll back her to win, every time."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the president's room at the Farmers' and Merchants' bank the following morning, he was treadthere was a fair picture of a great and successful industry to be built upon the substantial extension of credit promised by the capitalist whose presence chamber he had just quitted.

CHAPTER XII.

Loss and Gain.

Striving feebly as one who gathers up the shards and fragments after an Griswold remembered the supper of tasteless courses at the Hotel Chouteau. After ward there were vague impressions, momentary breaches in the wall of in closing darkness. In one of these intervals a woman had stood beside

him, and he seemed to remember that

she had put her cool hand on his

forehead. When complete conscious

ness returned, the dream impression

was still so sharply defined that he

was not surprised to find her stand-

Before he could frame any of the

queries which came thronging to the

door of the returned consciousness,

she smiled and shook her head and

Later in the day the doctor came;

and when the professional require-

ments were satisfied, Griswold learned

was characteristic of the Griswold of

the bare facts of his succoring.

ing at his bedside.

forbade him.

spire afresh.

possible shade wintry.

everybody in sight, Mr .-

his heart.

ture.'

haven't known my name, doctor?"

-thinking there might be relatives

"And you found nothing?" queried

the sick man, a cold fear gripping at

"Nothing but clothing and your toi-

let tools, a pistol, and a typewritten

Griswold turned his face away and

Griswold was too feeble to prevari-

"There was money in the package,"

"Ah: then you were robbed. It's a

With or without money, he must re-

lleve the Griersons of their self-

assumed burden at the earliest pos-

This was the thought with which he

sank into the first natural sleep of

convalescence. But during the days

which followed. Margery was able to

modify it without dulling the keen

edge of his obligation. What perfect

hospitality could do was done, with-

out ostentation, with the exact de-

gree of spontaneity which made it ap-

pear as a service rendered to a kins-

man. It was one of the gifts of the

daughter of men to be able to ignore

all the middle distances between an

introduction and a friendship; and by

the time Griswold was strong enough

to let the big, gentle Swede plant him

in a Morris chair in the sun-warmed

bay window, the friendship was a fact

"Do you know, you're the most won-

derful person I have ever known?" he

said to Margery, on the first of the

sunning days when she had come to

perch in the window seat opposite his

She nodded brightly. "Sometimes I

io; when it brings things out the way

"I've often wondered," he went on

nusingly. "Think of it-somewhere

back in the past you took the first

step in the path which was to lead

you to that late supper in the Chou-

teau. Somewhere in my past I took

the first step in the crooked trail that

"The paths crossed-and I am your

never hope to repay you and your

"Oh, yes you can," she asserted

man farther down. Forget it, and tell

me what you want to know about Wa

"First, I'd like to know my doctor

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Hasn't

there been anybody to introduce you?

"You can pass it along to the

poor debtor," he finished. "I

father for what you have done."

chair. "Do you believe in destiny?"

I want them to come out."

was to lead me there."

name."

"Well?" she encouraged.

shut his eyes. Once more his stake

in the game of life was gone.

wrapped in brown paper."

the thief now, I'm afraid."

cate successfully.

what he pleased.

notonously.

sible moment.

accomplished.

of the papers you speak of?"

book manuscript bearing no signa

or friends who should be notified."

calm reply. Then: "Where did you meet Miss Farnham!" "I baven't met her," he protested instantly: "she-she doesn't know me from Adam. But I have seen her, and happened to learn her name and her

He is Wahaska's best-beloved 'Doc-

tor Bertie; otherwise Doctor Herbert

"Doctor Farnham? - not Miss

the middle, but the mischief was

"Yes; Charlotte's father." was the

He bit the name in two in

nome address." "Oh," said the small fitter of deduction pegs; and afterward she talked. and made the convalescent talk, pointedly of other things.

This occurred in the forenoon of a pleasant day in May. In the after-noon of the same day Miss Grierson's trap was halted before the door of the temporary quarters of the Wahaska public library. Raymer saw the trap and crossed the street, rememberingwhat he would otherwise have forgotten-that his sister had asked him to get a book on orchids.

Miss Margery was in the reference room, wading absently through the newspaper files. She nodded brightly



"It is Pretty Late to Begin Looking for the Thief Now."

when Raymer entered-and was no in the least dust-blinded by the library card in his hand.

"You are just in time to help me," she told him. "Do you remember the story of that daring bank robbery in New Orleans a few weeks ago?-the one in which a man made the president draw a check and get it cashed for him?"

Raymer did remember it, chiefly be-"There was another package of-of papers in one of the grips," he said, cause he had talked about it at the time with Jasper Grierson, and had faintly; "quite a large package wondered curiously how the president of the Farmers' and Merchants' would "We found nothing but the manudeport himself under like conditions. cript. Could anyone else make use

"If you should meet the man face to face, would you recognize him from the description?" she flashed up at

"Not in a thousand years," he conhe said, leaving the physician to infer fessed. "Would you?"

"No; not from the description," she admitted. Then she passed to'a mat-

pity we didn't know it at the time. It ter apparently quite irrelevant. pretty late to begin looking for "Didn't I see Miss Farnham's return noticed in the Wahaskan the "Quite too late," said Griswold mo-

other day?" With Charlotte's father a daily visi-It was not until after the doctor had gone that Griswold was able to face the new misfortune with anything like a sober measure of equanimity.

the daughter's homecoming. But Raymer answered in good faith. "They came up as far as St. Louis on

one of the Anchor line-the Belle Julie-and even Miss Gilman admits

She nodded absently and began to turn the leaves of the newspaper file. Raymer took it as his dismissal and went to the desk to get the orchid book. When he looked in again on his way to the street, Miss Grierson had gone, leaving the file of the Pioneer Press open on the reading desk. Almost involuntarily he glanced at the first-page headings, thrilling to a little shock of surprise when one of them proved to be the caption of another Associated Press dispatch giving a 20line story of the capture and second escape of the Bayou State Security robber on the levee at St. Louis

The reading of the bit of stale news impressed him curiously. Why had Miss Margery interested herself in the details of the New Orleans bank robbery? Why-with no apparent special reason-should she have remembered it at all-or, remembering it, have known where to look for the two newspaper references?

Raymer left the library speculating vaguely on the unaccountable tangents at which the feminine mind could now and then fly off from the well-defined circle of the conventionally usual. On rare occasions his mother or Gertrude did it, and he had ong since learned the folly of trying to reduce the small problem to terms of known quantities masculine.

"Just the same, I'd like to know why, this time," he said to himself, as he crossed the street to the Manufacturers' club. "Miss Grierson isn't at all the person to do things without an object."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Convalescent. After a few more days in the Mor-

ris chair—days during which he was idly contented when Margery was with him, and vaguely dissatisfied well hardened to endure." Don't deceive yourself. You have eugenics," writes Dr. W. C. Rucker, States public health service, in the

existence was still an unsolved prob-Of the one-thousand-dollar spending fund there remained something less than half; for a few weeks or months he could live and pay his

er's library a renewed resolve to cut

short as possible. How he should be-

gin again the mordant struggle for

neither ground nor turn aside.

way; but after that. . . . Curiously enough the alternative of another attack upon the plutocratic dragon did not suggest itself. That, he told himself, was an experiment tried and found wanting. But in any event, he must not outstay his welcome at Mereside: and with this thought in mind he crept downstairs daily after the library episode, and would give Margery no peace because she would not let him so abroad in the town. 'How sharper than a serpent's

tooth it is to have a thankless'-what shall I say-patient, or guest, or friend?" she laughed, garbling the quotation to fit the occasion.

"Shakespeare said 'child,' " he sug-

ested mildly. "And so shall I," she gibed-but the gibe itself was almost a caress. "Some times you remind me of an impatient boy who has been promised a peach and can't wait until it ripens. But if you must have a reason why I won't drive you this afternoon, you may. We are going to have a tiny little social function at Mereside this eve ning, and I want you to be fresh and rested for it."

"Certainly, I shall come, if you wish he assented, remembering afresh his immense obligation; and when the time was ripe he made himself presentable and felt his way down the dimly lighted library stair, being minded to slip into the social pool by the route which promised the mallest splash and the fewest ripples.

It was a stirring of the Philistine in him that led him to prefigure weariness and banality in the prospect. Without in the least expecting it, Griswold was a Brahmin of the severest sect on his social side; easily disposed to hold aloof and to criticize, and, as a man eastern-bred, serenely assured that nothing truly acceptable in the social sense could come out of the Nazareth of the West,

For this cause he was properly humiliated when he entered the spacious double drawing-rooms and found them so comfortably crowded by a throng of conventionally clothed and conventionally behaved guests that he was immediately able to lose himself-and any lingering trace of self-consciousness-in a company which, if appear ances were to be trusted, was west ern only by reason of Wahaska's loca-

And the charming young hostess Hitherto he had known her only as his benefactress and the thoughtful caretaker for his comfort. But now, at this first sight of her in the broader social field, she shone upon and dazzled him. Admitting that the later charm might be subtly sensuous-he refused to analyze it too closely-it was undeniable that it warmed him to a newer and a tor at Mereside, it seemed incredible stronger life; that he could bask in its that Miss Grierson had not heard of generous glow like some hibernating thing of the wild answering to the first thrilling of the springtide. True, Miss Grierson bore little resemblance to any ideal of his past imaginings. She might even be the Aspasia to that the accommodations were excel- Charlotte Farnham's Saint Cecilia. But, even so, was not the daughter of Axiochus well beloved of men and of heroes?

It was some little time afterward. and Jasper Grierson, stalking like a grim and rather unwilling master of ceremonles among his guests, had gruffly introduced three or four of the men, when Griswold gladly made room in the window seat for his transformed and glorified mistress of the fitnesses. As had happened more than once before, her nearness intoxicated him: and while he made sure now that the charm was at least partly physical, its appeal was none the less irresistible

"Are you dreadfully tired?" she asked, adding quickly: "You mustn't let us make a martyr of you. It's your privilege to disappear whenever you feel like it."

"Indeed, I'm not at all tired," he protested. "It is all very comforting and homelike; so vastly-" he hesitated, seeking thoughtfully for the word which should convey his meaning without laying him open to the charge of patronizing supercilious ness, and she supplied it promptly.

"So different from what you were expecting; I know. You have been thinking of us as barbarians-outer barbarians, perhaps-and you find that we are only harmless provincials, But really, you know, we are improving. I wish you could have known Wahaska as it used to be."

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he confessed, at length. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I may as well admit that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and an ascetic only when the necessities drive." "I know," she assented, with quick

appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he !- keen to enjoy, and

Journal of Heredity, "to stop promot-

ing such legislation as that herein out-

lined (sterilization and restrictions on

He turned upon her squarely. when she was not-Griswold was per-"Where did you ever learn how to met, for the first time since the Griersay such things as that?" he de-

son roof had given him shelter, the It was an opening for mockery and The little visit to Jasper Grierson's good-natured raillery, but she did not library was not prolonged beyond the make use of it. Instead, she let him invalid's strength; but notwithstandlook as deeply as he pleased into the ing its brevity there were inert curvelvety eyes when she said: "It is rents of antagonism evolved which given to some of us to see and to Margery, present and endeavoring to understand where others have to learn serve as a lightning arrester, could slowly, letter by letter. Surely, your own gift has told you that, Mr. Gris-Griswold took away from the rather onstrained ice-breaking in the bank-

"It has," he acknowledged. "But I have found few who really do understand.

his obligation to Jasper Grierson as "Which is to say that you haven't yet found your other self, isn't it? Perhaps that will come, too, if you'll only be patient-and not expect too many other gifts of the gods along with the one priceless gift of perfect sympathy."

"When I find the one priceless gift, I shall confidently expect to find everything else," he asserted, still held willing prisoner by the bewitching

She laughed softly. "You'll be disappointed. The gift you demand will preclude some of the others; as the others would certainly preclude it. How can you be an author and not understand that?" "I am not an author, I am sorry to

but the one book, and I have never been able to find a publisher for it." "But you are not going to give up?"

"No; I am going to rewrite the needful. It is my message to mankind, and I mean to deliver it."

at least an excellent simulation. "It simple table? is only the weak ones who say, 'I mission, if I have any."

Griswold's pale face flushed and the blood sang liltingly in his veins. He read the manuscript of the book while he was fighting his way back to consciousness and life. If they had been alone together, he would have asked her. The bare possibility set all the springs of the author's vanity upbub bling within him. There and then he promised himself that she should hear the rewriting of the book, chapter by chapter. But what he said was out of a deeper and worthier underthought. "You have many missions, Miss Margery; some of them you choose

and some are chosen for you." "No." she denied: "nobody has ever chosen for me."

"That may be true, without making me a false prophet. Sometimes when we think we are choosing for our selves, chance chooses for us; oftener than not. I believe."

She turned on him quickly, and for single swiftly passing instant the velvety eyes were deep wells of soberness with an indefinable underdepth of sorrow in them. Griswold had a sudden conviction that for the first time in his knowing of her he was looking into the soul of the real Margery Grierson.

"What you call 'chance' may posibly have a bigger and better name," she said gravely.

Some little time after this Raymer who had been one of the men introduced by Jasper Grierson, turned up again in the invalid's corner. Raymer



You Have Many Missions,

suggested the smoking-room and sigar, and Griswold went willingly From that on the path to better acquaintance was the easiest of short cuts, even as the mild cigar which Raymer found in his pocket case paved the way for a return of the smoker's zest in the convalescent. Without calling himself a reformer, the young ironmaster proved to be a practical sociologist. Wherefore, when Griswold presently mounted his own ociological hobby, he was promptly invited to visit the Raymer foundry and tantly. "I was due at the second table, machine works, to the end that he and I didn't go as far forward as the might have some of his theories of the stanchion she was holding to. All I iniversal oppression of wage earners can tell you is that she was one of charitably modified. "Of course, I don't deny that we're | we had on board; I could guess at

long way from the milennium yet," that much. was Raymer's summing up of the conditions in his own plant. "But I do claim that we are on a present-day, ment. living footing. So far as the men un-

derstand loyalty, they are loyal; part ly to my father's memory; partly, I hope, to me. We have never had a strike or an approach to one, or a disagreement that could not be adjusted amicably. Whether these conditions can be maintained after we double our capacity and get in a lot of new blood, I can't say. But I hope they can.

WHEN YOU

NEED HELP

either for the Stom-

ach, the liver, or

the bowels, you

really should try

HOSTETTER'S

Stomach Bitters

Its tonic qualities sharpen

the appetite, aid digestion,

and keep the liver and bowels

daily active. For over 60

years it has been helping

people to promote and main-

tain better health. Try it.

Moths in Carpet.

moths in carpet which never fails

Wring a coarse crash towel out of

water and spread it smoothly on the

carpet; iron it dry with a good hot

iron, repeating the operation on all

parts of the carpet infested with the

moths. There is no need to press

hard, and neither the pile nor the

color of the carpet will be injured,

and the moths will be destroyed by

Somewhat Uncomplimentary.

Purchaser (bringing back his pur-

chase)-This dog is the most fero-

cious beast I ever came across, and

you said he was as gentle as a

Dealer in Canines-That's straight.

My wife's the only woman I know

TORMENTING SKIN DISEASES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this

simple, but reliable and inexpensive.

home treatment for people suffering

with eczema, ringworm, rashes and

similar itching, burning skin troubles.

of resinol cintment and a cake of resi-

nol soap. These will not cost a bit more than seventy-five cents. With

the resinol soap and warm water bathe

the affected parts thoroughly, until

they are free from crusts and the skin

is softened. Dry very gently, spread

on a thin layer of the resinol oint-

ment and cover with a light handage

This should be done twice a day. Usu-

ally the distressing itching and burn-

ing stop with the first treatment, and

True to His Word.

sassinate all your wives as soon as

Bluebeard-You see, I'd promised to

love each one as long as she lived.

and no matter what other sins I I've

committed, I never disappoint a lady.

Lancets for Scorpion Stings.

Sir Lander Brunton suggested that

snake lancets," containing perman-

ganate of potash and used for opening

wound caused by snake bite, would

be useful for the stings of scorpions,

which are not only intensely painful

Just What She Wants.

Church-How is the table up where

our wife is boarding in the country?

"Oh, yes; she's trying to reduce her

Most particular omen use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please.

All the world may love a lover, but

ertaın-teed

Roofing

it is made of the very best Roofing Pelt thor-oughly saturated in our properly blended sephalts and coated by a harder grade of sphalt which keeps the so't saturation

s guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to

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General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Rouling and Building Papers
New York City Chicago Philodophia St. Lou Beston Cleveland Philodophia Detroit San Francisc Cherianeti Minoscopilis Kannac City Seath Allanta Housion London Hamburg Sydne

No such thing

as "rubber

Gotham-Very, very poor.

"And she remains there?"

At all good grocers, Adv.

price of a marriage license.

healthy again.-Adv.

the honeymoon was over?

-Philadelphia Bulletin.

but often deadly.

veight.

-if necessary to protect the clothing.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar

HOW TO HEAL STUBBORN

the heat and steam.

nything about.

Here is an excellent way to kill

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

"You are enlarging?" said Griswold. Raymer waited until the only other man in the smoking den had gone back to the drawing-rooms before he said: "Yes: I caught the fever along with the rest of them a few weeks and I'm already beginning to wish that I hadn't."

"You are afraid of the market?"

"N-no; times are good, and the market-our market, at least-is daily growing stronger. It is rather a matter of finances. I am an engineer, as my father was before me. When it comes to wrestling with the money devil, I'm outclassed from the start."

"There are a good many more of us in the same boat," said Griswold, leaving an opening for further confidences if Raymer chose to make them. But the young ironmaster was looking at his watch, and the confidences were

postponed. "I'm keeping you up, when I dare say you ought to be in bed," he prosay," he objected. "I have written tested; but Griswold held him long enough to ask for a suggestion in a small matter of his own.

Now that he was able to be about he was most anxious to relieve Miss book and try again-and yet again, if Grierson and her father of the charge and care of one whose obligation to them was already more than moun-"Bravo!" she applauded, clapping tain-high; did Raymer happen to know her hands in a little burst of enthu- of some quiet household where the slasm which, if it were not real, was obligated one could find lodging and a

Raymer, taking time to think of it. For the truly strong hearts did know. Mrs. Holcomb, the widow there is only one battle cry, 'I will!' of his father's bookkeeper, owned her When you get blue and discouraged own house in Shawnee street. It was you must come to me and let me not a boarding house. The widow cheer you. Cheering people is my rented rooms to two of Mr. Grierson's bank clerks, and she was looking for another desirable lodger. Quite possibly she would be willing to board wondered if she had been tempted to the extra lodger. Raymer himself would go and see he about it.

"It is an exceedingly kind-hearted ommunity, this home town of yours, Mr. Raymer," was the convalescent's leave-taking, when he shook hands with the ironmaster at the foot of the stairs: and that was the thought which he took to bed with him after Raymer had gone to make his adieux to the small person who, in Griswold's reckoning, owned the kindest of kind hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

Broffin's Equation.

Having Clerk Maurice's telegram to time the overtaking approach, Broffin found the Belle Julie backing and fillng for her berth at the Vicksburg landing when, after a hasty Vicksburg breakfast, he had himself driven to the river front.

Going aboard as soon as the swing stage was lowered, he found Maurice, whom he had something more than a speaking acquaintance, just turning out of his bunk in the texas.

"I took it for granted you'd be along," was Maurice's greeting, "What bank robber are we running away with now?"

Broffin grinned. "I'm still after the one you took on

in the place of John Gavitt." "Humph!" said the clerk, sleepily; "I thought that one was John Gavitt." "No: he merely took Gavitt's place nd name. Tell me all you know about him."

"I don't know anything about him, except that he was fool enough to pull Buck McGrath out of the river just after McGrath had tried to bump him

over the bows." "Of course, so far as you know, nobody on the boat suspected that the fellow who called himself Gavitt was anything but the 'roustle' he was passing himself off for? You didn't know of his having any talk with any of the upper-deck people?"

"Only once," said the day clerk.

promptly. "When was that?"

"It was one day just after the 'manverboard' incident, a little while after dusk in the evening. I was up here in the texas, getting ready to go to supper. Gavitt-we may as well keep on calling him that till you've found another name for him-Gavitt had been cubbing for the pilot. I saw him go across the hurricane-deck guards; and a minute later I heard him talking to somebody - a woman-on the guards below."

"You didn't hear what was said?" "I didn't pay any attention. Passengers, woman passengers, 'especial ly, often do that-pull up a 'roustle' and pry into him to see what sort of wheels he has. But I noticed that they talked for quite a little while: because, when I finished dressing and went below, he was just leaving her.' Broffin rose up from the bunk on which he had been sitting and laid a heavy hand on Maurice's shoulder.

You ain't going to tell me that you didn't find out who the woman was, Clarence-what?" he said anxiously. "That's just what I've got to tell you, Matt," returned the clerk, reluc the half-dozen or so younger women

Broffin's oath was not of anger; it was a mere upbubbling of disappoint

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

is constantly growing in favor because i Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose sit has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

DEFIANCE STARCH

Well for a Man to Report to Himself

Occasionally, to See If He Is Headed Right.

some of those mean little characterintica which cling to you? Why should you try to make your-

Look here, Mr. Man, what is the

STANDARD NEVER TOO HIGH as good as we are, this world wouldn't! be so bad." Yes, you'll hear this remark; and you'll know that the speaker will never be any better than his ideals.

A great chef told his class that it they had ever tasted a dish better use in trying to deceive yourself about | than the one they had prepared, theirs was not good. He did not say, "Be content that you don't find many

dishes better than yours." saif believe that you're not so bad as A man is no better than his stand-you are. "Our family has a pretty ard, and if his standard is the best good name; I guess if everyone were in all the world, it is none too good.

real job on your hands.

If you are not convinced of the fact, ry to break yourself of certain mean little traits that crop out occasionally. Once you realize how persistently they retuza you'll be surprised.

Put yourself on probation for a Report to yourself at intervals, and see if you haven't a job as your own probation officer.—Exchange.

Useful Work Eugenists Can Do.

marriage) and to divert more of their energy to a broad, constructive policy for the furtherance of eugenics. They may, for example, very profitably help "Promote research in heredity;

"Disseminate a knowledge of the "It is time for the friends of laws of heredity;

assistant surgeon general United public: "Give the young people of their ac love with suitable life partners; "Further every means that will re move some of the social and economic bars to marriage and parenthood that now tell so heavily on our eugenically

> Origin of the Japanese. It is impossible to be precise on the | 12,159 miles, and by the Panama cana subject of the origin of the Japanese 9,814 miles.

superior classes."

"Create a 'eugenic conscience' in the | people. They may have come origin ally from China or Malayasia, or from any of a dozen other regions. It is cerquaintance a chance to meet and fall tain that they are an amalgamation of several races, but beyond this all is

> Shows Value of Panama Canal. From New York to Sydney by th Cape of Good Hope the distance is 13. 395 miles. By the Suez canal it is 13. 828 miles. By the Straits of Magellan